



THOU'RT FALSE TO ME,

Written by

a Gentleman of Baltimore

and adapted to a favorite

Italian Melody

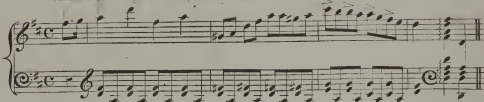
BY
C. F. COLLE.

Published by Geo. Willig Junr, Baltimore.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1840, by C. F. COLLE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the District of Maryland.

Con

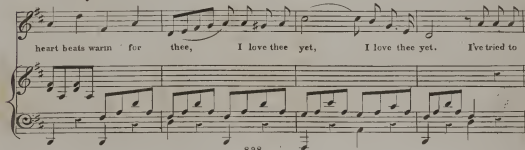
Amore.



Thou'rt false to me, thou'rt false to me, and pride should teach me to forget; But still my



heart beats warm for thee, I love thee yet, I love thee yet. I've tried to



still each burning thrill; I've tried to drown each fond re-gret; But
 oh! my soul brooks no controul, I love thee yet, I love thee yet.

2.

Still 'mid the gay I've seen, I've heard,
 My Mother joys to hear me sing;
 Nor dreams, that like the wounded bird,
 I bear the haft beneath the wing.
 Still in my bow'r, at twilight hour,
 I mourn o'er hopes forever set;
 And tears might tell, how much too well
 I love thee yet— I love thee yet.

